

The Bourbon News.

GEO. D. MITCHELL, Lessee and Editor
PARIS, - - - KENTUCKY

HASSAN'S PROVERB.

King Hassan, well beloved, was wont to say,
When aught went wrong, or any labor failed:
"To-morrow, friends, will be another day!"
And in that faith he slept, and so prevailed.

Long live this proverb! While the world shall roll
To-morrow fresh shall rise from out the night,
And new-baptize the indomitable soul
With courage for its never-ending fight.

No one, I say, is conqueror till he yields;
And yield he need not while, like mist from glass,
God wipes the stain of life's old battle-fields
From every morning that He brings to pass.

New day, new hope, new courage! Let this be,
O soul, thy cheerful creed. What's yesterday,
With all its shards and wrack and grief to thee?
Perpet it then—here lies the victor's way.

—James Buckham, in the Christian Endeavor World.

WHEN DOMESTIC PEACE HUNG
IN THE BALANCE.

IN certain households in New York there are special subjects whose discussion is under a boycott.

"There is just one thing that we never talk about at our house," said the young man who smokes, "and that is pets. There was a time when Edith and I were fond of pets. Before we were married, and for some three months thereafter, we had pets of our own. She had a parrot and I had a squirrel.

"The first time I saw Edith she was caressing the parrot. I fell in love with her at first sight, but I did not fall in love with the parrot. On the contrary, I hated him. He was a noble bird, too, according to her way of thinking, and he rejoiced in the euphonious name of Ebenezer.

"No sooner had we been introduced than Edith perched Ebenezer aloft on her forefinger for me to admire him. I admired the forefinger, but not Ebenezer. I knew better, however, than to say so, and when she asked me if his plumage was not the most brilliant I had ever seen I unhesitatingly perjured myself by swearing that it was.

"I have had Ebenezer for five years," said Edith. "You cannot imagine how much company he is for me, living around, as I do, in boarding houses and hotels. I love him dearly."

"Under my breath I murmured something about 'happy Ebenezer,' and then I told her all about my squirrel. 'I am devoted to him,' I said, 'hence can appreciate your affection for Ebenezer. My pet's name is Alexander the Great, but I call him Zan for short.'

"How interesting," said Edith, after I had described a few of the clever tricks Zan was in the habit of performing for my delectation. 'I should like very much to see Alexander.'

"And so you shall," said I. 'I will bring him around to your house to-morrow, if you like.'

"During our courtship both Ebenezer and Alexander were much in evidence. Naturally, Ebenezer was most conspicuous, for while it was hardly practicable for me to take Alexander along every time I called on my fiancée, Ebenezer, being already on the ground, was generally present at these meetings, and helped the conversation along with the snatches of choice songs that constituted his vocabulary.

"This gave me plenty of opportunity to cultivate my natural animosity toward Ebenezer, and so well to the purpose did I employ each occasion that by the time our wedding came around I was fairly aflame with hatred for the little wretch. I practiced deceit all the while, however, and so skillfully did I dissimulate my true feelings that Edith frequently commented on my affection for Ebenezer, which she declared, was little short of her own love for him.

"When we go to housekeeping," she said, "we will have a special little cozy corner fitted up for him, and another for Alexander, and life in our flat will be too sweet for anything."

"I wisely forebore to cast a premarital shadow over this blissful arrangement, but after we had been married about three months my aversion for Ebenezer became simply unendurable, and I made up my mind that either he or I had to get out.

"Naturally I preferred that he should go, and I cast about for means of ridding our home of my arch enemy. I attempted, first, to accomplish this end by way of gentle diplomacy, but Edith stubbornly refused to concur in my delicately expressed opinion that Ebenezer was a luxury that might well be dispensed with.

"I am surprised at you, Albert," she said, "I don't know what has come over you of late in regard to Ebenezer. You used to be so fond of him, and now you've turned against him all of a sudden and want to break his heart by sending him away among strangers. Supposing I should suggest such treatment of Alexander? What would you think of that? I'm sure I have just as good cause to raise a row about him as you have about Ebenezer."

"Edith's words struck me with

amazement. 'Raise a row about Zan?' I said. 'Why, what on earth has he done? What can you find fault with him about? He is the most inoffensive little creature in existence.'

"So is Ebenezer," she said warmly. 'If I have no cause for complaint, neither have you.'

"I refrained from further argument of the question, but my purpose had not been altered and I straightway decided that as fair means had failed to remove my hated rival, I should not hesitate to employ drastic measures to further my dire intent. On the morning after resolving on this murderous course Edith announced her intention of going over to Newark to spend the day. In her absence I saw my opportunity to dispose of Ebenezer.

"About 11 o'clock I went home on vengeance bent. No sooner had I assured myself that Edith and the maid were both out than Ebenezer, who, instead of being confined to his particular 'cozy corner' was allowed the freedom of the whole flat, came wabbling into the kitchen where I then stood, squawking some taunting epithet which he seemed to find particularly appropriate when addressing me.

"He strutted across the room croaking out the appellation with exceeding rancor, but he never strutted or croaked again. Before he reached the back window my fingers had closed round his windpipe with a vindictive grip and in five minutes Ebenezer had given up the ghost.

"Like all other murderers, no sooner had I executed my victim than I began to conjecture of the safest means of disposing of the corpse. Knowing that it would be impossible to bury, cremate, or otherwise conceal Ebenezer's body in the neighborhood of the house, I put him in a small brown leather traveling bag and started down town with him, intending to dump him into some ash barrel or garbage box on the way. I was exceedingly nervous when I left the flat, and looked fearfully around, expecting to be taken red-handed at any minute. I soon saw that this presentiment was not unfounded, for I had proceeded but a short distance down the street when I was overtaken by Edith's cousin Jim.

"Hello, Stuart," he said, "where are you bound for with that bag? Going out of town?"

"Yes," said I, glibly. 'I've got to go over to Trenton this afternoon on business. I thought I'd take my grip along in case I should be delayed.'

"I hoped Jim would leave me then, but he didn't. He tagged along at my heels all the way down town and followed me up to the office, where he sat moaning round till lunch time, when he blandly volunteered to share my noonday snack. As the day advanced and Jim still clung to me like a leech my nervousness increased. As the only way to disengage myself from him, I really did buy a ticket to Trenton, hoping that the lowlands of Jersey might prove a convenient tomb for Ebenezer.

"The train I traveled in was a popular one, and every seat was occupied. I stumbled through the whole length of the train, bumping elbows of irate passengers with the grip wherein reposed my vanquished foe. Finally a lady who had been thumped with exceeding vigor looked up with an impatient exclamation. I dropped the bag, Ebenezer and all, at her feet.

"Great Scott, Edith," I said, "what do you mean by starting over to Newark at this time of the day?"

"Edith moved over and made room for me beside her. 'I intended to go early this morning,' she said, 'but I went up to the dressmaker's with Cousin Mollie, and they kept me so long that I just couldn't get started any sooner. I thought I'd better run over for a few minutes, however, even if it is late, because I had promised to come. But where are you going?' she asked, with such interest.

"Oh," said I, 'I'm just running over to Trenton on business.'

"She eyed my grip suspiciously. 'Were you up at the flat before you started?' she asked.

"Yes," said I, carelessly, 'for a minute or two. I had to run up and pack a few things in case I should be detained.'

"Was Maggie at home?" she asked.

"No," said I.

"Edith started. 'Ebenezer was there, wasn't he?' she asked.

"Oh, yes," I returned, 'he was there, and I suppose Alexander, although, come to think of it, I didn't see him. I was so busy that I didn't take time to look him up.'

"But you saw Ebenezer, didn't you?" she persisted.

"Oh, yes," I said, 'I saw him.'

"And how did he look?" she said.

"Was he all right? Do you know, I was thinking of him just as you came in? I don't know whether I am getting superstitious or not, but something or other I seemed to hear his sweet voice calling me as if he were in distress, and I felt as if I must go straight home and cuddle him up in my arms and make sure there is nothing the matter with him. You are sure that he is quite well?"

"Up to that moment I had slightly regretted yielding to my homicidal instincts, but Edith's reference to the cuddling and petting which had been a part of my daily torture for so many months refired my veins with jealous hatred, and I clutched the handle of my traveling bag in grim triumph. This gesture was unfortunate inasmuch as it gave Edith a new idea.

"Oh, by the way," she said, 'is your grip full? Here's a roll of silk samples I'm taking over to Dora. I wish you'd put it in your grip till we get to Newark. It is so inconvenient to carry an extra bundle.'

"I shoved my traveling bag out of

reach with my foot. 'I couldn't possibly get that bundle in there,' I said.

"Try," she insisted. 'You men don't know how to utilize space. You have such a funny way of packing things that you don't get half the things in a grip that it is capable of holding. Open your valise, please, I'll warrant I can make room for half a dozen bundles the size of this.'

"I'm quite sure you can't," I protested.

"You must let me try, anyway," she pouted. 'I never saw you act so funny. A body would think you had been up to mischief of some kind and had something in that bag you didn't want me to see.'

"Nonsense," I said faintly. Then I tried to change the subject, but Edith would not have it so.

"Tell me more about Ebenezer," she said. 'Tell me just how he looked. What was he doing the last time you saw him?'

"Crowing," I said, 'and flapping his wings.'

"The dear," she sighed. 'He'll be terribly lonesome to-day, being there in the flat all by himself.'

"Oh," I said, consolingly, 'he'll have Alexander to fall back on. He can commune with him.'

"Edith flushed and spread out her skirts uneasily. This movement attracted my attention, and then I noticed for the first time that she, too, carried a traveling bag. This bag was exactly like mine in size, color and material. Impulsively I picked it up. 'Why don't you put your bundle in here?' I asked. 'You certainly have as much room as I have.'

"Oh, no I haven't," she said nervously. 'But never mind. It doesn't matter now. We're almost to Newark.'

"We exchanged a few remarks as to the time each expected to get home, and, after dividing umbrellas, grips, and newspapers we separated. Having had one severe turn in the encounter with my wife, I determined to take no further chances on discovery but to get off at the next station and there consign Ebenezer to the tomb.

"I walked out into the country for a considerably distance before finding a spot sufficiently secluded for sepulture. Finally I stopped and opened the grip. With the first glance at its contents I let out a howl that made the farmlands ring, for lying insensible before me I saw—not Ebenezer, but Alexander the Great.

"The situation was easily understood. Alexander had tormented Edith's soul even as Ebenezer had tormented mine, and like me she had slain her foe. That we should meet when out to dispose of our victims and in our excitement unwittingly exchange the evidence of our crime, thus revealing to each the other's perfidy, was a trick of fate with which neither of us would dare quarrel, since both were equally culpable.

"Edith got home ahead of me. The brown traveling bag—my traveling bag—was sitting on the floor in the hall, and Edith was lying on the parlor couch, weeping softly. She heard my step, and without raising her head, she said:

"Oh, Albert, such a terrible thing has happened. Ebenezer is gone."

"Gone?" I echoed.

"Yes," said she, 'and Alexander the Great, too!'

"By that time I had found my cue. 'Great heavens! This is awful,' I said. 'What has become of them? Was it thieves?'

"She gulped audibly. 'Yes,' she said, 'I guess that it was—thieves.'

"And from that day to this we have never had a word of mutual explanations or recriminations. On every other subject we are two souls with but a single thought, but just let anybody mention pets of any description and instantly we are twain."

Her Little Brother Again.

Not long ago a nice young man was invited to dine at the home of an east end young woman and accepted the invitation with pleasure. It was just a family dinner, and everything was passing off well, when an unpleasant and quite unforeseen incident occurred.

They were all discussing the pie, when the young woman's little brother, who had been regarding her closely, suddenly spoke up.

"Gee," he said, "look at Marie trying to put on style just 'cause Joe is here. She's eatin' her pie with a fork."

It is needless to add that the cherubic child experienced a very unpleasant quarter of an hour after "Joe" had gone.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

May Be Possible.

The coronation of King Edward was in progress.

A few inhabitants of England peered through the windows, but the theater hats of the American millionairesses obscured their view.

However, they could hear the comments plainly, and they writhed with rage when they heard Mrs. Richmond, of New York, titter:

"Look at that coronation robe! Why, it is too full in the back and the yoke draws terribly, and those plaits went out of style six months ago."

Cursing the parvenus for their lack of reverence for royalty, the "standing room only" contingent slunk back to their palaces.—Baltimore American.

Consolation.

"What am yo' cryin' foh, chile?"

"Oh, mam, Mistah Jackson dun said Ah must accept de inevitable."

"Well, do yo' know what an inevitable am?"

"No'm."

"Den stop cryin'! It might be an udder name foh a turkey or a diamond ring."—Chicago Daily News.

HUMOROUS.

If a man occupies a position of trust he can always find plenty of other men who are willing to be trusted.—Chicago Daily News.

The isitor—"You seem to have a growing town here." The Native—"Growin'?" W'y, say, th' council stays in session all the time extendin' the city limits."—Indianapolis News.

"Yes, sir—yonder's a man who only had one shirt to his back when he came here." "And what has he got now?" "Hard work to catch the fellow who stole the shirt."—Atlanta Constitution.

Curiosity.—Mrs. Hiram Offen—"Dear, I wish you'd bring home a dozen Harveyized steel plates." Mr. Offen—"What do you mean?" Mrs. Offen—"I'm just curious to see what Bridget would do with them."—Philadelphia Press.

The Christian Register reports that the question: "What was the general character of Moses?" drew from one child in a Sunday school the reply: "A gentleman." Not understanding, the inspector asked why. "Please, sir, when the daughters of Jethro went to the well to draw water, the shepherds were in the way; but Moses helped them, and said to the shepherds: 'Ladies first, please.'"

Fetmore—"Do you see that lady over there? Well, she's a lady if there ever was a lady in the world." Buck—"And what has she done to secure your flattering regard?" Fetmore—"I stepped on her gown coming downstairs. It was trailing behind her in that irritating way that women have; but, of course, I did the gentlemanly act and apologized for my carelessness." Buck—"And she?" Fetmore—"She said to me: 'Young man, you know you are lying. It was no fault of yours; it was mine entirely, and if you had pulled my gown out at the gathers it would have served me right.'"—Boston Transcript.

WOULD BE NO MESSENGER BOY

He Was a Three-Thousand-Dollar Man and Made the Official Ashamed.

The pitfalls which line the path of the young and unwary are mere gullies in comparison with those that await the inexperienced office-holder. In this town, says a Brooklyn exchange, there is a man who recently accepted a city position. It is a good position under the new administration, and a large bump of tact and discretion is necessary if the holder is to progress smoothly. The other morning there strolled into the office, which is not far from the Beecher statue, a very elegant member of the negro race. His clothing was immaculate, his manner faultless. He and the recently appointed city employee were acquainted; they had met in the campaign.

"Congratulations," remarked the colored visitor, extending his hand. "Heard y' landed in heah and I jest dropped in f' to see 'bout a job as messenger."

"Why, certainly," replied the officeholder, smilingly, "I think we can fix that up right away. Honestly, I don't know of a single man I'd rather have as a messenger here than yourself."

Something in the dead silence which followed told the inexperienced official that he had made a break. His visitor arose, leaned back a la West Point cadet, and flung aside the lapels of his coat.

"Mah goodness," he exclaimed, with the air of an injured man, "d' you think f' one minute that I'd lower mahself by takin' a messenger job. Why, I got a job now as pays me three thousand a year. I was jest speakin' f' friend of mine."

The humiliated official made a wild rush to apologize, but the man was gone.

Our Many Bachelors.

The last census showed that there were in the whole country 5,427,767 bachelors, against 3,224,494 spinsters—an excess of 68 per cent. of bachelors over the unmarried women. There was not any state in the union that did not have more bachelors than single women, even Massachusetts exhibiting a small fractional overplus of unmarried males of marriageable age. To account for this situation of affairs it was explained that, the mass of the population of each state being paired off by marriage evenly as between the sexes, only a relatively small fraction of single persons old enough to marry was left over. In most states the male part of this fraction was much in excess of the female part. And it must also be remembered that women marry much younger than men.—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Boston Boy's Bad Break.

"Have you succeeded yet, Mr. Noodler, in procuring lodgers for the more altitudinous floor of your apartment house?" inquired the Boston boy, politely, of his sister's caller.

"What do you mean? I haven't any apartment house," replied the young man in bewilderment.

"Why, I understood sister to say only yesterday that you had rooms to rent in your upper story," explained the boy.—Syracuse Standard.

A Medical Bluff.

An attack of hysteria simulating unconsciousness in a woman may be stopped, says Modern Medicine, "by the surgeon's taking a pair of scissors and regretfully announcing that he will have to cut all the patient's hair off in order to make application to her head. It is doubtful whether this bluff has ever been known to fail.—Modern Medicine.

There Are Too Many of Them.

Don't think for a moment that you have met all the idiots there are in the world.—Chicago Daily News.



Miss Marion Cunningham, the Popular Young Treasurer of the Young Woman's Club of Emporia, Kans., has This to Say of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Your Vegetable Compound cured me of womb trouble from which I had been a great sufferer for nearly three years. During that time I was very irregular and would often have intense pain in the small of my back, and blinding headaches and severe cramps. For three months I used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and aches and pains are as a past memory, while health and happiness is my daily experience now. You certainly have one grateful friend in Emporia, and I have praised your Vegetable Compound to a large number of my friends. You have my permission to publish my testimonial in connection with my picture. Yours sincerely, MISS MARION CUNNINGHAM, Emporia, Kans."

\$5000 FORFEIT IF THE ABOVE LETTER IS NOT GENUINE.

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating (or flatulence), general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all-gone," and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, blues, and hopelessness, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles. Refuse to buy any other medicine, for you need the best.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

A Canine Hero.

De Style—Why did you tie that medal to your dog's collar?

Gambus—He saved my life.

"In what way?"

"Had he bit me I would have died from hydrophobia."

"What has that to do with saving your life?"

"He never bit me."—N Y Herald.

Handsome Calendar of the Season.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Co. has issued a beautiful Calendar in six sheets 12x14 inches, each sheet having a ten color picture of a popular actress—reproductions of water colors by Leon Moran. The original paintings are owned by and the Calendars are issued under the Railway Company's copyright. A limited edition will be sold at 25 cents per calendar of six sheets. Will be mailed on receipt of price.—F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

Heresy.

"Don't you know, Penelope, dear, there is no such thing as a headache? You haven't any headache. It's merely a delusion."

"I know it, mamma, but it's so strong upon me that I've just got to take something for the delusion."—Chicago Tribune.

York, Pa., Nov. 28, 1901.

We consider Piso's Cure for Consumption a household necessity, and cannot speak too highly of it.—J. L. Bower, 4 North Water Street.

Philadelphia consumes 30 tons of candy daily. Probably the poet who said: "Sweet is dreamless sleep," had this fact in his mind.—Seattle (Wash.) Post-Intelligencer.

Worthy of a Bostonese.

A young parson while dining at the house of a family of his congregation presumed to entertain the table with a dissertation upon life. "And after all, what is life?" he asked, and paused for oratorical effect. "I know," a small voice exclaimed and all eyes were turned to the end of the table, where the youngest son of the family sat in a high chair. "I know," he piped. "Herbert Spencer says that life is the definite combination of heterogeneous changes, both simultaneous and successive, in correspondence with external coexistences and sequences."—Chicago Chronicle.

Way of the World.

"I see that Mrs. Uptideight is addressing the Mothers' Scientific club this afternoon on 'The Care of Children.'"

"Speaking of children, who was that youngster that broke into Snoot's candy store last night and robbed the till?"

"That—why, that was Mrs. Uptideight's youngest."—Baltimore News.

One Definition.

Willie Boerum—Uncle Will, what is "Platonic affection?"

Bachelor Uncle (crustily)—Um! Er—well, before most young people are married they are dead in love with each other, but Platonic affection is the sort of affection they have for each other after they have been married a few years.—Brooklyn Eagle.

An Accident.

"Oh, John!" exclaimed the bride as the engine pulled ahead and whirled them away from their friends, "I've torn my dress!"

"I thought something would happen when you stepped on the train," he replied.—Baltimore News.

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